

Good Morning

776

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



**"Snowball" is darkie,
P.O. Joseph Heddon**

STOKER PETTY OFFICER His mother has taught him to say "Dada," and he says it often son who's a fighter, like his father. and clearly—and indiscriminately. At the age of ten months he has won all the battles he has fought, more than any other baby of his age—double pneumonia, operation for tummy trouble and, latest, whooping-cough, and come out on top of the lot, plus the admiration (and lots of petting) from the doctors and nurses who have helped to send him home from hospital, fighting fit and as tough as they make 'em, to his mother and all at 71 Norbury Grove, St. Anthony's Estate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Now Mrs. Heddon has her son back home safe and well again she has only one worry—lest young John Matthew should show a "pet lip" at his daddy when he comes on leave! For John has a bit of a temper, she says, and he's inclined to set up a yell when people he doesn't know by sight come along. And you can hardly expect him to recognise the father he last saw when he was only two days old!

Home Town Gossip

AT Arnage Sports, near Ellon, Aberdeenshire, high light was the £100 challenge tug-of-war match between Shotts Ironworkers and Donside. Of course, Donside won.

Can you imagine hefty Aberdeenshire farmworkers and tree-fellers allowing a hundred quid to slip through their hands?

Match was at 104 stones (eight men), and Donside were five stones overweight. Shotts did things in style—red and white jerseys, and white pants. Donside just wore their working clothes, but took off their jackets.

Won by two pulls to nil. Hgh.

FISHY.

A WHOLE catch landed by an Aberdeen trawler, stated to be valued at £4,000, was condemned at the Fish Market as unfit for human consumption. A lot of grousing about it, too. A merchant was said to have been willing to offer control prices. The catch had been on the way from Iceland for twenty-two days.

TRIP UP.

AN ancient wheeze was worked on a kind-hearted motorist in Cornwall recently. A man to whom he had given a lift in his car thanked him profusely and offered to send him a brace of pheasants.

The motorist, a commercial traveller, gave the stranger his address, mentioning that he would not be home for two or three days.

When he reached home, however, he found no pheasants awaiting him, but his wife who said "I sent on the £5, dear. Did you get it all right?"

Moral: Don't give your address.

LAST SHOT.

A BRISTOL man, Gunner Herbert Jones, of Foxcroft Road, Whitehall, claims that he fired the last shot at the Japs after the surrender had been announced.

Gunner Jones' shot was actually fired after the official cease fire had been ordered, owing to a delay, but he doesn't know whether or what damage was done.

These Royal Stokers of the British Tum...!

Listed in admiration by JACK GREENALL

RIVETING body and soul together a bit longer by ramming down a powdered egg, I fell to brooding over the past joys of the platter, the Filets de Halibut aux Champignons Fraîs I'd scoffed, the Poulets du Mans Roti à la Broche I'd toyed with, and the Pommes Parisienne I'd practically left a good home for!

I tormented my mental tum, persecuted my palate till my gastric juices rose in a body and howled for red meat!

Being a glutton for punishment, I even went one better, I decided to study from every angle what the British jaw had been champing through the years. After finally arriving at a binge given by George the Fourth, God help the next Jambon d'York I find wandering!

British tums are certainly getting a pasting these days, compared with, say, the tums of Boadicea's boy-friends, when venison, cheese and wild fruit were always "on tap," and the "local" pushed the right stuff over the bar too.

The "four ale" of that period was a toper's delight called "mead,"—made by fermenting grain with honey. Two pints, and you and I would be out for the count! Three pints, and your nearest and dearest would be draped in black!

King Alfred—the bloke who blistered the buns—next

smartened things up for the British tum, stoking it with cranes, curlews, herons, bitterns, seals, whales and porpoises. Indigestion generally followed. Surprised?

Enormous quantities of pork were also stowed away too, besides poultry, salmon, pilchards, trout, crabs, lampreys, sturgeons, lobsters and sprats. What with the mead and the indigestion, the gentry must have staggered around in a stupor all day!

Table manners were at a premium, two or three coves snatching from the same plate, and may the best man win!

Under King Stephen's tuition the British tum slipped a cog. Horses and dogs were eaten, and even garbage!

Tums of the fourteenth century had placed before them a niftier menu. One's molars began to grind dinner between nine and ten in the morning; next orgy, supper, five-o'clock sharp. Tea? you'd had it!

Besides meats of all kinds, dried fruits, cinnamon, cloves, mace and saffron, sugar, almonds, ginger, raisins, figs, dates and rice were on the fixture—olive oil served also to any greaser.

Some smart-Alecks about this time were selling bad beer and adulterated wine. Anyone caught "pulling a fast one" was forced to swig his own poison.

What remained in the barrel when he'd nearly

choked, was poured over his napper! I know! I know! I'm sighing for the "goode olde days, too."

Just to torture your tum, here is the contents of a Big Shot's pantry about this time, and may your conscience be your guide: the carcasses of twenty oxen and fifteen pigs, eight thousand herrings, seven score of dograves (a sea fish), twenty pounds of almonds, three pounds of rice, six barrels of lard, two quarters of salt, and enough oatmeal to last till Easter!

Which particular Easter is not stated! Devil of a time this cove would had had on one "book," eh?

The king pippin of the menu was a mixture called "mortwires." This was made from hens or pork ground to dust, mixed with bread-crumbs, yolks of eggs and pepper, then boiled with ginger, salt, sugar and saffron! Maybe somehow, they missed the odd socks and bits of flannel left lying about!

The tums of the fifteenth Century got their hooks on the right stuff too. One belted earl, breakfasting with his spouse, polished off a quart of ale, a quart of wine, and half a chine of boiled beef or mutton. Dinner finding his tum clamouring for more, chicken, turkey or peacock put it back into a state of bliss.

Now your eyes will goggle! Chickens then were a half-penny each, geese three pence, and peacocks a bob.

Henry the Eighth, the human boa-constructor, was always at the top of his form when bathing at the table. A dinner he threw sets me howling for a hot plate.

Here's the menu. Reat it, you'll never be the same man again: twentyfour great beeves (animals like cows), one hundred fat mutton, ninety-one pigs, carcass of one ox, twelve dozen swans and a variety of fish and fowl.

In between courses, to prevent tums lagging, fruit, butter, eggs, cheese, spices and sweetmeats were dished out. Wine and sack went the round wholesale. Too bad, Henry forgot the liqueurs and cigars!

What with this binge and that blow-out, however, Henry in time became a human gasometer. Blessed if he could budge without reinforcements. To even get him between the sheets a special contraption had to be set in motion!

Ann Boleyn did her tummy proud too.

At her Coronation tea-fight twenty-seven courses were served. Standing on her right was the Countess of Oxford. On her left, the Countess of Worcester. They held a cloth before Ann's face in case she wished to spit! All I can say is, thank God for the cloth!

During Henry's reign new fruit and vegetables came over to tickle the Tudor tum. A grade A cabbage and beans arrived, cucumber turned up. As usual hiccoughs followed!

More new lines went down the British gullet when Queen Bess parked herself on the throne. Tea, spuds and apricots made their debut, and forks were handed round—voted N.B.G. at first. No wonder—more washing up!

Bess breakfasted in bed off beer and beef-steaks. Dinner gonged at 11 a.m., supper at six. Men wore their hats during mastication; their suits as well, of course!

Breakfast under Stuart management consisted chiefly of oatcakes, cold meats, beer and wine. The dinner whistle blew between two and three in the afternoon. Vegetables were given the frozen mitt.

Sam Pepys, the gossip, did his interior well. I read of him getting down to the feeding trough one evening in

grand style: oysters, a hash of rabbits and lamb, a chine of beef, roast fowl, a tart (age not stated), fruit and cheese with buckets of good sack. Then so to bed I suppose, if he could make it!

Queen Anne—the very dead one—ate like a horse! The old girl would scoff a whole fowl at a sitting! and be up all night after a surfeit of black-heart cherries and rich chocolate. She wouldn't have been on her own either.

The pubs in Anne's time weren't half having a field day. 12,400,000 barrels of beer were brewed in one year for an entire population of five millions.

In 1714, 2,000,000 gallons of gin were distilled. Even the ministers of the Crown staggered around wearing a wet towel!

Charles, 11th Duke of Nor-

USELESS EUSTACE



"Tough luck, Fred! They'll never believe you!"

folk, known as "Jocky," takes the gastronomic medal.

While still a mere stripping, Charles would drink his old man under the table! and that went for his old man's cronies, too.

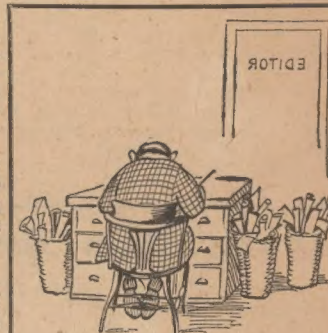
He'd then set out fresh as paint to make a night of it. Huge steaks would disappear into his tum in rapid succession, though previous to this he'd have had a short workout on a hefty dish of fish.

It was said "his appetite literally grew by what it fed on!"

But for the toughest tum on record, give me Theodore Reiking's. Writing a book in 1644, which got King Christian IV of Denmark's gander up, Theodore was given the choice of eating his words or the book.

Rolling up his sleeves Theo tore the book to shreds, bunged the bits into a bowl of soup and ate the lot!

Missus! pass the braised spam!



Our address still is:

"Good Morning,"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

A Hoodoo was on the ship

"HULLO, what's that?" snapped Hird. "What're you lot clearing off for? Don't you know the pearl rush starts to-morrow?"

"We know, sir, but we ain't comin' on the Here-and-Now. Guess you can fill our places from shore gangs."

Hird's cross eyes seemed to start out of his head. He was nominal skipper of the schooner, but it was a thin sheet of paper that divided his commanding him all right; leave it to me. powers from those of Corralee. If I see that he stops his dirge

His face was purple as he scanned the gaping crowd of you?"

"What's the idea?" he asked. "What's the idea?"

"The idea, sir, is jest that we don't want to come aboard the schooner. An albatross has boarded us, and we guess you heard the song."

Hird turned to Corralee and fixed him with a gaze that told what he did not say. Then he turned to the crew.

"You believe that silly guff?" "Yes, sir."

The reply was unanimous. The leader spoke again.

"The albatross story don't lie. We never knew a man that brought luck to a ship after he'd hooked an albatross, boss."

"That's silly, man—" "Dat's the law ob de South Seas, boss," broke in another islander with passionate emphasis. "Dis schoonah be cussed now. We don't sail."

Hird stood like a man calculating his chances against the mob. His cross eyes shifted from the men to his partner constantly.

They waited while he took a piece of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a chunk.

"Anything else?" he asked, freely and without stint; and when he could find no more vile things to say, he bade them go.

"Yes, sir. De boom is swingin' wild wit' de hellum shifted. It nearly knock some ob us over yesterday."

"Oh, you're beginning to think the ship is out to drown us!" Hird laughed. "What do you call yourselves sailormen for? Can't stand clear of a swinging boom! It's Old Jaluit that's been talking but it was a thin sheet of paper that divided his commanding him all right; leave it to me. powers from those of Corralee. If I see that he stops his dirge

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He moved away across the deck, but Corralee went after him. "Look here, Hird, what do you mean? What does it matter to you if I write to Glory Renshaw? You had your chance there before I came to Papeete, and she turned you down. God knows how she could have done anything else. If I thought you were sober, I'd hit you!"

"Hit away! There's only old Jaluit aboard."

Corralee thrilled and his arm stiffened, but he suddenly softened and held out his hand.

"Come on, Hird; we've got enough work ahead to keep us busy without quarrelling. It's the booze that has got into your head, so I take back what I said. But it was you that made the crew clear off. If you'd only let the albatross alone! Shall we try to get a scratch crew off the beach?"

Hird made no attempt to take the hand that was held out to him. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

The swell on the water made the schooner roll, and from the mast there came a long, jerky, creaking noise. The sound seemed to loosen Hird's tongue.

"They complained about the boom!" he cried angrily. "What sort of seamen can't step out of the way of a swinging boom?"

"Most seamen could, Hird; but it was the way you handled the ship these last few days that set the men's nerves on edge. Maybe you didn't know you were doing it. You put the helm up and you put it down without reason, and every time the schooner answered the helm the boom

"Well, couldn't they see?" "Yes, they could; but you

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"What's three times?" "Three times you've dished me before the crew. Once when you let the albatross go. Once when you interfered to save old Jaluit from a whaling."

"Well, when was the third time?" Corralee asked, seeing Hird biting his red moustache.

"That letter. I saw you give it to one of the late crew. That was the third time."

He had written that when he finished his work on the schooner he would come up and ask her to marry him.

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"Well, when was the third time?" Corralee asked, seeing Hird biting his red moustache.

"That letter. I saw you give it to one of the late crew. That was the third time."

He had written that when he finished his work on the schooner he would come up and ask her to marry him.

Hird was on deck when he returned. Jaluit was in the bows, and as Corralee climbed on deck Hird met him.

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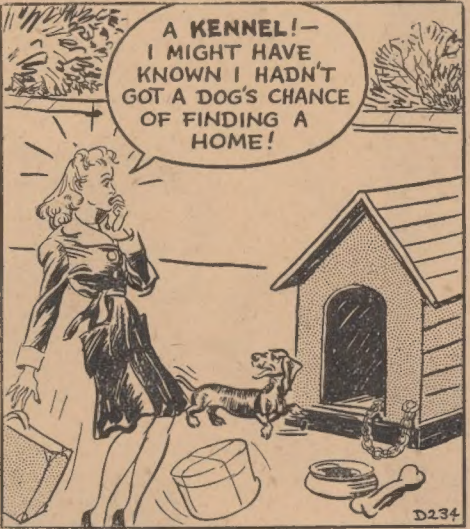
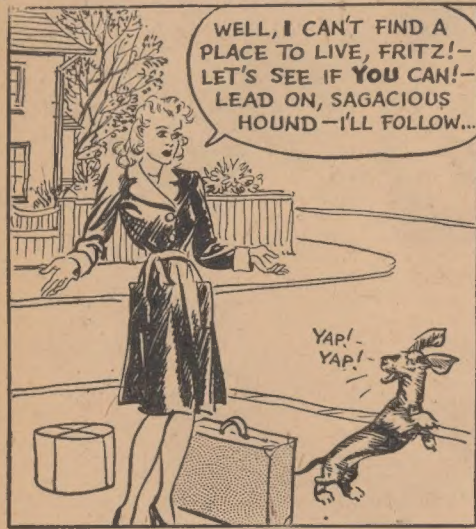
Wangling Words No. 714

1. Behead a port and get a brief spell of cricket.
2. Insert the same letter 7 times and make sense of: ryhningheopwihamalle.
3. What three rivers in England can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: She had a pretty — in her cheek, but she — a bit on her weak ankle.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 713

1. Z-one.
2. Every office needs to be ventilated.
3. LINEN.
4. Devil, lived.

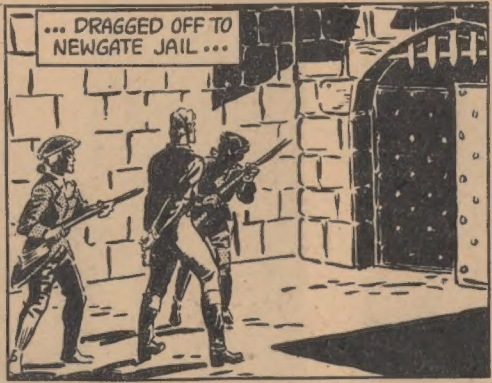
JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A Hoodoo was on the ship

(Continued from Page 2) latter lifted the hatchet, glancing of pearls makes human life cheap at his partner. and of little consequence.

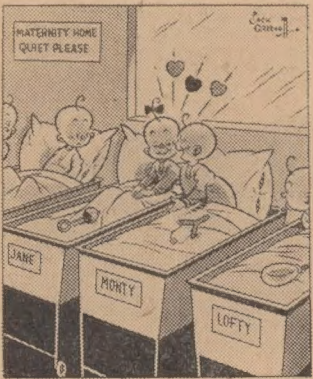
Hird did not do his share of the work on board the schooner that afternoon. He kept walking to and fro on the poop, his hands behind his back, his brows puckered and his lips muttering.

In his pocket was a bottle of kava, but he seldom drank. Possibly he had already taken more than his usual amount.

As he paced about the poop he watched Corralee tidying up, mending the mainsail and preparing for the pearl harvest. The two men did not speak.

Once when Hird paused by the rail his eye fell on the hatchet which was in the cleats. He lifted it and ran his thumb along the edge.

Corralee was stitching at the mainsail, his back to Hird. The



"... and we'll live in the cutest little prefabricated house."

From the bows came a cough. Hird raised his head. He saw old Jaluit watching him.

He laid down the hatchet and began to stroll along the poop once more.

Evening came quickly and darkness fell like the pulling down of a blind. The lights of the town twinkled, and from the shore came the perfume of vanilla and the night flowers. Corralee was lighting the poop lantern when Hird appeared at his side.

"Goin' ashore?" he asked sullenly, with face averted.

"Yes, after a bit of supper. I've promised Glory. We'll have our bungalow fixed up by the time we get back from the pearl ground—"

"Come on without supper. You can get something to eat in on." "Corralee, surely. I've got to get the crew. We can take the long

boat, and the man that's first and was hitching the painter to a back brings it out. If you are stanchion.

late you can get a native canoe." "You needn't worry about that here?" "What about old Jaluit?" old sinner, Corralee," he said asked Corralee. "Leaving him gruffly. "He never goes ashore.

He's not got any friends in Papeete. He's coiled up asleep somewhere." "Slide down and take the oars." Corralee slid down the rope. As he landed in the boat he noticed the hatchet placed on the locker in the stern sheets.

There was no answer from the bows. "He was there before it got dark," growled Hird. "Run Corralee cast off, pushing away forrard and see if he's in the from the schooner with his oar. fo'c'sle while I lock the cabin."

"What's that, Hird? Looks like a big fish coming towards us, doesn't it?" "About twenty yards from the boat a black object moved along the surface of the water. It may have been a fish, but Hird did not look at it.

His right hand went to the locker in a flash. The hatchet came up and he struck—struck at Corralee's head.

Corralee came aft, and saw that Hird had already lowered the boat

(To be continued).

Spotlight

DICKENS seems to have made the movie grade all in a rush. Companies are almost falling over themselves in what might become quite a scramble to get the rights to use his stories for filming.

"The Old Curiosity Shop" is being made in America and now, after months of extensive research, "Great Expectations" is in production in Britain.

John Mills and Valerie Hobson will play Pip and Estella, but there was still a vacancy for a boy to play young Pip. Following an appeal by John Mills in cinemas all over Britain which he made by means of a special film "short," several hundred applications were received from boys or their parents all over the British Isles.

A VERY sensible decision has been made in Hollywood. The powers that be have decided to shelve almost every war story they have made and not let them re-appear for a couple of decades.

The regained world peace and all the problems it has brought with it are going to be the main themes, involving such things as economic conditions, domestic problems, marital infidelity, and re-habilitation of ex-Servicemen.

Cathryn Rose

CROSS-WORD CORNER

DEFT	EDITH
AXIOM	ONION
CUTTING	LEE
ELM	DIGIT
W	TEA
NUT	BEREFT
OBTRUDES	M
RE	ANIL
CAPI	POLO
SSE	CLEAVER
TRUSS	DESK

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9				10		11
12				13	14		
15			16		17		
	18		19				
20	21		22		23		24
		25		26			
27	28			29		30	
31			32		33		
34			35				
	36				37		

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Piece, 5 Near, 9 Let, 10 Cordage, 12 Murmurs, 13 River, 15 Friendliness, 17 Unconcealed, 18 Almost, 20 Shuck, 22 Fish, 23 Quite, 25 Pieces of paper, 27 Taut, 29 Quick, 31 Join up, 33 Flower, 34 Uplift, 35 Love a lot, 36 Beard, 37 Following.

- CLUES DOWN.—2 Mineral salt, 3 Jog memory, 4 Liking, 5 Share, 6 Dinner juice, 7 Fixed residence, 8 Garment, 11 Risk, 12 Clasp, 14 Gripping device, 16 Sailing ships, 19 Eggs, 21 Reckoned, 23 Earnestly want, 24 Woman, 25 County, 26 Claw, 27 Name, 28 Happy, 30 Holly, 32 Scottish river.

Good Morning



ACCENT ON THE UP-BEAT.

Blonde rhythm, baton rhythm and beauty, all in one fluffy package. Inside the stripes and ostrich feathers is star-to-be Anne Jeffreys, working on a musical interlude for the harmonious comedy, "Step Lively."



WIDE-OPEN DREAMER.

You know him! It's old What's-his-name, having a rip-snoring time in the park, and taking a big chance with the pigeons. They may drop in and wake him up with a naughty word—and what else?—on his lips. Let's hope it doesn't happen.



AWAY FROM IT ALL.

Does it matter where it is? We could tell you, but think of it as just a few beautiful acres of Britain. The lone clump of trees, casting the only shadow on the broad landscape, stands as a green-clad memory to one of our ancestors, who dropped a handful of seeds many years ago.



TURN BACK THE CLOCK!

"Catch me if you can," says vivacious Susannah Foster, the girl with the golden voice and girl-orious features. The picture she was making dates back to the "eighties," on 'Frisco's Barbary Coast, and this bustle-view close-up makes us think we were born in the wrong century!



STYLE IN SILK.

Tip-toe charm, caught in a perfect poise as Gainsborough's flame, Phyllis Calvert, presents a lovely lensful. Flame is the word, and the moths have gone for it, settling on the ring-fingers and a shapely thigh. Any more moths? No, not you, Fazackerly.